

Price, 5 Cents

THE STABBING

HAPPY CHILDREN UNDER CANVAS.

MERRY LITTLE ONES ARE GIVEN AN OUTING BY THE SALVATION ARMY—FUN AND FOOD IN PLENTY—A PHYSICIAN AND A NURSE SUPPLEMENT THE WORKERS IN CARING FOR THE CHILDREN.

(From the Toronto Daily Star.)

A village in an orchard, high on a bluff, overlooking the lake, shady and breezy—such is the Salvation Army Fresh Air Camp at Oakville. Fourteen tents and a cookhouse, with three stores—the home of a busy, happy, painting crowd of children, looking loose from the city and never used to much restraint. A stirring village, where you must keep your eyes wide open, and all your feelers out, where on the part of the workers there is constant care, and on the part of the children there is constant excitement.

Freedom is the watchword of the camp, but it is freedom tempered by control, and that is what constitutes the delicate task of the workers in charge, to make and keep a nice adjustment between the freedom that is life to the boys and girls, and the want of all restraint that exercises them by a moral law from society. They are not, as a rule, children who know the line, they have generally had little training, but rather, like Topsy, they have "growned." What order means they scarcely know; and they do not take kindly to its teaching. So even with the extraneous help given by the military trappings and ideals of the Salvation Army, to care for these holidaying, happy, restless, untrained children is a task of no small magnitude.

Organized Companies.

The development of the camp is yet in its infancy, but its equipment and its plan are well adapted to its ideal. In each of the sleeping tents there are twelve children under the direction of a worker. Each tent is a company, marked by a banner across its front, and each member of the company is a number. There is a roll kept at Headquarters, and each child wears a badge with his or her number, corresponding to the record in the book of the Staff-Captain in charge. Each is a unit in an army; the same idea that has been so successful in dealing with "grow-ups" is here being applied to the children. Yet let none think that this is a machine. Only its form is of the army; its spirit is warm, human, and Divine love, the inner spirit of Christianity.

The children have regular hours for regular duties. For eleven hours of the twenty-four the camp is, or is supposed to be, wrapped in silence. Seven is the rising hour, and eight the time to go to bed. At seven A.M. Perry gives the reveille with his cornet. An hour later all sit down in the dining tent, at the clean, white-covered tables, to a breakfast of porridge—an abundance of it—and bread and butter, and tea or milk. Dinner, at 12.30, consists of fish or meat with some variety of pudding; while at tea, at 4 o'clock, fruit, cake, and tea are served with generous slices of bread and butter. Ten minutes before each meal the bugle call rings out, and in the boys and girls scamper from play on the ball-ground, or on the lake shore, to wash and tidy up. Plenty of sport.

Between meals, which occupy a goodly share of time, owing to the generous appetites of the children, they are free to do just about as they please. Twice a day, morning and afternoon, one of the men goes with the boys to the bathing beach. There are bats and balls for base ball, skip-jumps, races and games for running in the sand, and all varieties of playthings, even down to rattles for the babies of the camp. It is a full, free life, where like many of these children have never known, and never dreamed of.

Each morning, after breakfast, there is a short service to begin the day. There is a reading from the Bible, a short story in text in simple language for the children, a song is sung, and after a prayer by the leader, all the children join in repeating the Lord's prayer. And every night the children are taught to again repeat the Lord's Prayer before going to sleep. Thus it is hoped to instill

influences that will guard and strengthen the children after they return to the temptations and excitements of the city.

The Star representative called at the camp just about dinner time, and saw the children come in pell-mell at the call of the bugle. Then came the gathering at the tables; three boys went for some water, and the other children had to await their return, and did so with no apparent impatience. Then Staff-Captain Creighton called for quiet.

"We will sing grace," said he. And when they had closed their eyes, or as many of them as could restrain their curiosity and anxiety to get at the eatables to do so, they sang, their childish voices rising with peculiar sweetness:

"Be present at my table, Lord, Be here and everywhere adored; These mercies bless, and grant that we

May live, and fight, and die for Thee. Dear Jesus is the One I love; Oh, bless His name, He died for me; His blood now cleanses me from sin; Dear Jesus, now He sets me free."



S. A. Indians at Port Essington, Celebrating the Supposed Coronation on June 26th, 1902.

"Amen," said the Staff-Captain, and the children set to with vigor. On each plate was a good-sized helping of fish, with a slice of meat, and intervals, were generous plates of bread and butter. And at a side table was being prepared a second course, a rice pudding, plentifully supplied with raisins, with a sauce of golden syrup over all. Not a swell dinner, not one for delicate palates, but good, healthy, and a treat to healthy boys and girls with healthy appetites, sharpened by unaccustomed life in the country air.

Doctor and Nurse There.

The camp is under the direction of Staff-Captain Creighton and his wife. Adj. Perry is assistant superintendent. Besides, there is a corps of eight or ten workers, including a doctor and a trained nurse. The latter is Miss R. Fryer, a lady with high qualifications and of broad experience, who came here especially from Winnipeg, where she became interested in the work through Miss Booth, and who has been ever since under the care of the children.

The camp is situated on the west bank of the river, just beyond the picnic grounds, from which it is, however, completely separated by a ravine and fence, though there is easy communication by the road. Besides the dining-tent and the cookhouse which have been mentioned, there are the store tent, which is also used for the officers' dining-room, a tent for the superintendent and family, one for the trained nurse, and one for the resident doctor, the hospital tent, a number of sleeping tents for the boys and girls, and a tent—the only one in red and white, the others being uniformly

white—for Miss Booth when she is present.

If you pay the camp a visit, you will meet with a cordial reception. The place you cannot pass unnoticed, for across the entrance in large letters of blue and scarlet runs the legend:

THE SALVATION ARMY FRESH AIR CAMP.

WINNING HIS FIRST SOUL.

"Have you ever won a soul for God?" asked an officer of his soldiers one night in the meeting.

"That question worried young Arthur Watson so much that, after he had retired to rest, he could not sleep."

He slipped out of bed, knelt by his bedside, and earnestly asked God to help him to win at least one soul for Jesus. For although he had been a soldier for more than a year, and was a handman of the corps, he could not point to one person who had been led to God through his efforts.

The next Sunday night his chance came. A lad sat in the meeting who appeared to be much concerned about salvation.

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Arthur," whispered the devil.

"Here goes, fool or no fool," said Arthur.

He found it hard work to get the lad to the penitent form. Then he started to pray for him. Some way or another the words wouldn't come out right. His throat got dry and husky, and he had a job to keep the tears

Our History Class.

III.—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(Continued.)

Ferdinand's two chief Bohemian counselors were Slavata and Martinitz, both zealous Catholics, whom he left as regents when he went to Germany; and on the opposite side was Count Thurm, a strong Lutheran, who hated the house of Hapsburg. A Lutheran church was pulled down, and the congregation was shut out of another because they did not come under the rules of the Letter of Majesty. On this, Thurm and his friends sent a remonstrance to the Emperor, and Matthias justified all that his cousin had done, and they became afraid of absolute persecution. Thurm resolved to destroy the rule of the House of Hapsburg in Bohemia, and to begin by the death of the regents.

On the 23rd of May, 1618, a whole troop of Hussite and Lutheran armed nobles tramped up into the Council Chamber where Martinitz and Slavata were sitting, and reproached them with having been the authors of the Emperor's letter. A few hot words passed. Let us follow the old custom, and hurl them from the window," and a crowd cried; and they were dragged to a window, seventy feet above the ditch of the Castle of Prague. Martinitz begged for a priest. "Command thy soul to God," was the answer; "we will have no Jesuit scoundrels here;" and he was hurled out, uttering a prayer of which one murderer caught a few words, and one cried, "Let us see whether his Mary will help him." Slavata and the secretary were also hurled out, but, looking from the window, the man's next cry was, "His Mary has helped him," for there was a pile of waste paper just below, which had broken the fall, and all three crawled away unhurt.

This Defenestration, as the Bohemians called it, was, in truth, the beginning of the thirty years' war which ravaged Germany, and threw back as progress and improvement all the time it lasted, and bred some of the most savage and lawless soldiers who ever drew a sword. The Hussites began it in real fear for their religion, and also feeling that the nation had been cheated by the House of Austria of the power of electing their king, and they hoped for help from the Lutheran and Calvinist princes who had any quarrel with that family. They wrote a letter justifying their treatment of the two regents by the time of Jezababel, and raised almost all Bohemia against Ferdinand.

The Emperor Matthias had enough of the spirit of his father to win them back by gentle means, and his chief adviser, Cardinal Klesel, was fully of the same mind. They tried to talk about vengeance, and was supported by his former guardian, the Archduke Maximilian, and the Jesuits. When they found that the Emperor would not send troops from the Spanish Netherlands to reduce Bohemia, these two princes caused Klesel to be seized, stripped of his robes, and sent off as a prisoner to a castle in the Tyrol. Matthias was ill in bed with gout, and when his brother went and told him what had been done, his wrath and grief were so great that he could not utter himself to speak, but thrust the needle into his mouth till he was almost choked. He was too feeble and old to hinder Ferdinand from sending Spanish and Flemish troops into Bohemia, but Count Thurm was at the head of ten thousand insurgents, and had allied himself with the Transylvanian Prince of Transylvania, and with the Princes of Wallachia and Moldavia, which was the Elector Palatine, Friedrich, the husband of Elizabeth, daughter to James I. of England.

The Catholic Germans were for the most part of the same mind as the Emperor, ready to do anything to prevent war, and Matthias, getting better, fixed a meeting at Egria to try to come to some agreement; but his wife died just then, and he sank into a state of depression, comparing his cousin's usage of him to his own treatment of his brother Rudolf, and grieving over the miseries he saw coming on the Empire. He died before the emperor's peace could take place, on the 20th of March, 1619.

Lots of people are gathered here for the salmon fishing. The fish are coming in to run, and everybody will be busy for five or six weeks.—Adj. R. Smith.

about it." How often these words from the Lord, and now glorified, Dowdie, when, at the as meeting, though too active part, he rose arling words of counsel has come forward to uctification.

stantly." That was the writer obtaining "much has since been a Many argue with a or suggestions, and distinguish between the out the rumblings of agitations; and audience, they lose the into darkness, waste untitles, and become there.

y, but humbly—when you to. Bear witness done for you, giving all Him, and magnifying self. And if you have ition, you will be out of it, for it cannot be

past experience. You on last week's foot, edge of the fact that ad and died yesterday, go, will not keep you a Mrs. General Boyd's in conversation with your illumination, life of progression, or must keep pace with light, if the blood is now.

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The Angel of Consolation.

THE Vale of Tears and the Star of Sorrow are telling names give by some men of this world, and there seems to be at times a great preponderance of sorrow and sighs over laughter and mirth. Sorrow, however, often is the Refiner's fire to purge the pure gold of human immortality from the dross of base passions and unbelly emotions. He reavements and afflictions are often the wise surgeons who, by skillful operation, free the soul from diseases and growths that threaten to eat into

scorches his life unnecessarily to this great purpose, and will make numberless angels of them, to lessen humanity's suffering and enrich the Kingdom of Heaven.

HIS TALISMAN.

Many a rough-looking man carries in his pocket, safe from all eyes but his own, some memento or relic which is to him as a shield and buckler against the powers of evil.

A story is told of a big, burly miner who steadily refused to join his comrades in their drinking bouts. One night when the revelry ran high among many of the men were, half drunk, they declared that "Big Joe," as he was called, simply "had to drink with them."

"I will not, boys," he said, firmly.

here, and that curl came from her head. "I used to drink a lot—enough to ruin my wife's happiness, and when she was dying I promised her that I'd never drink another drop, and that, for our little girl's sake, I'd be a better man; and when I left my little one with her grandmother I promised them both what I promised my wife, and my little girl cut this curl from her head and gave it to me to 'remember her by'; and she said, 'Maybe it will help you to keep your promise, papa.' Now, do you want me to drink with you, boys?"

The man who threatened to have whiskey poured down Big Joe's throat was the first to say, "No," and from that time forward he was never asked to break his promise.

It is in vain to expect to get out of the future what we do not put into the present.



The Angel of Consolation.

its vitality and destroy its happiness. Sore distress frequently tears from eyes blindfolded by happiness the obscuring bandage, teaching the soul to hear the cry of others in need, bringing it into sympathy with the needs of the still more unfortunate, as well as permitting glimpses into that heaven where neither sighing nor sorrow is known.

Of all angels, the angel of consolation finds the soul most receptive for the Divine message of hope, love, and salvation than any other messenger of the sky, for when human sympathy is powerless to soothe, the soul turns quickest towards the great Physician for a balm.

Let us seek to be angels of consolation to soul-sick humanity. Sorrow, want, woe, and sin is all around us. God's eye eagerly looks about to fasten upon the man and woman who con-

They declared that if he did not, they would force liquor down his throat, and then run him out of the camp.

"You ain't no better than the rest of us," said one man, "and, what, can't you just as and be friendly and sociable like, when we're trying to have a good time? Ain't signed the pledge, have you?" with a sneer.

"No, I have not signed any pledge," he said. "Well, boys, I'll tell you," he said, "it's something I don't like to talk about, but I'll tell you; but perhaps you'll not expect me to want me to drink with you when I've told you the truth."

He thrust his hand down into an inside pocket in his gray flannel shirt, and drew forth something wrapped in an old silk handkerchief. Inside the handkerchief was a wrapping of tissue-paper, and in the paper was a little shining curl of yellow hair. Big Joe held the curl up between his thumb and finger and said:

"Boys, I've got a little motherless girl nearly two thousand miles from

FOR SWEARERS ONLY.

Curse cards are being used in Switzerland and Germany to check profanity. People go about with the cards in their pockets, and whenever they hear bad language present one to the swearer to sign. The card has printed on it a device to enable the swearer, for a specified time, or to pay a small fine.

To buy a truth is to raise a lie. True courage fears nothing but sin. A liberal soul is the best sermon on diversity.

The first effect of knowledge is the consciousness of ignorance.

We can easily bear afflictions when borne up by His affection.

It is better to be saved in a storm than drowned in a calm.

Chow Chow

EDUCATION.

When you educate a fellow it is a chance whether it keeps him to keep out of the penitentiary. I would rather have my boy in heaven reading his A B C's than to be in hell reading Greek.—Sam Jones.

"HOT HEARTS."

The Chinaman who said, "Send us missionaries with hot hearts," had found the secret of success both of missions and the home work. The people know the needs of the work and they recognize the importance of hot hearts in those who bring the glad tidings.

FEEDING THE SWINE.

So long as the prodigal son did not go back to his father he was bound to feed swine, while he himself was perishing with hunger. Every one out of Christ is bound by the devil to feed swine-like passions, while the soul itself is starving for the Bread of Life.

AN ARCHBISHOP'S VIEW.

The great cause of crime is drink. The great cause of poverty is drink. When I hear of a family broken up and ask the cause—drink. If I go to the gallows and ask its victim the cause, the answer is drink. Then I ask myself in perfect wonderment, "Why do not men put a stop to this thing?"—Archbishop Ireland.

A CLOSE SHAVE.

A little girl asked her mother if there were any men in heaven. "Bimma," she said, "I never saw a picture of an angel with a beard or moustache; do men ever go to heaven?" "Oh, yes," replied her mother. "Men go to heaven, but it is always a close shave for a man to get in."—Philadelphia Times.

OVERDOSE OF WHISKEY.

Peter Brodie, a Barnardo boy, aged 19, in the employ of Mr. Peel, an Ontario farmer, died June 19th, from the effects of an overdose of whiskey. He, in company with his employer, drove some cattle to Niagara, and after dinner Mr. Peel gave him 75 cents. When they started for home Brodie, already under the influence of liquor, produced a dose of whiskey and, against the advice of Mr. Peel, drank it all, and finally, from the effect, fell asleep with his head hanging over the dashboard. When the house was reached Brodie was back to the face, and his breathing labored. Restoratives were applied, but without effect as his heart stopped beating in a few minutes.

A HUMBLE MAN'S TRUST.

A learned minister, attending an aged Christian in humble life, when in his last illness, remarked that the passage in Hebrews xiii. 5, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," was much more emphatic in the original language than in our translation, inasmuch as it contained no fewer than five negatives in proof of the validity of the Divine promise, and not merely two, as it appears in the English version; intending by this remark to convey to him that, in consequence of the number of negatives the promise was expressed with much greater force in the original language than in the English. The man's reply was very simple and striking: "I have no doubt, sir, that you are quite right, but I can assure you that if God had only spoken once, I should have believed Him just the same."

"The Lord's work can only be done with what we sacrifice, not by what we think we can spare."



Our SOLDIERS' PAGE

Daily Readings.

"Blind Bartimaeus, the son of Timaeus, sat by the highway begging."—Mark x. 46. I once saw a ewe with two lambs, one of which was blind. The mother ewe and the other lamb were both aware of the fact, and watched the blind lamb with tender and unwearied care, one or the other, as they saw it getting into danger, rushing forward to the rescue, and with a sharp "baw" and kindly bleat turning the little blind one out of peril into a safe path. Verily, blindness is one of the saddest of human afflictions. Three times we read of our Lord having pity on the blind, and among the joys of heaven it is written, "Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened."

"Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."—Matt. xxi. 22. Alexander the Great had a famous, but poor, philosopher in his court. The latter on one occasion was in great want. To whom should he apply in his need but to his patron, the conqueror of the world? He no sooner made his request than it was granted. He received an order to have what he wanted, and he went to the treasury for \$50,000. The official in charge, however, refused to give such a large amount till he had been to headquarters to inquire. Alexander at once replied, "I am delighted with the philosopher's conduct. He has done me a great honor by the largeness of his request and the high idea of my munificence. Pay him at once." We cannot honor God more than by believing Him when He says, "Ask, and ye shall have."

"How think ye? If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety-and-nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh?" which is gone astray?—Matt. xv. 12. A traveler tells the story of a scene which vividly illustrates Christ's parable of the "Ninety-and-nine." He says:

"One day we were making our way with ice-axe and alpenstock down the glacier, when we observed a flock of sheep following their shepherd over the intricate windings between crevices, and so passing from the pastures on the one side of the glacier to the pastures on the other. The flock had numbered 200 all told. But on the way one sheep got lost. One of the shepherds, in his German patois, appealed to us if we had seen it. Fortunately one of the party had a field glass. With its aid we discovered it up amid a tangle of brushwood on the rocky mountain side."

"It was beautiful to see how the shepherd, without a word, left his 199 sheep out in the glacier waste, knowing they would stand there perfectly still and safe and wait dismounting back after the lost sheep until he found it. And he actually put it on his shoulders and returned rejoicing. Here was our Lord's parable enacted before our eyes, though the shepherd was all unconscious of it. And it brought our Lord's teaching home to us with a vividness which none can realize but those who saw the incident."

"For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then I shall know even as I am known."—1 Cor. xiii. 12. As I stood (says a

traveler) before one of the most famous of the Ambassan tapestries, I asked the attendant to show me the other side. It was a tangle of threads, and thrums, and ends, a confused mystery of colors, without order or meaning or beauty, and resembling the picture on the other side as little as the tuning of an organ resembles the oratorio of the "Messiah." And yet the artist stands behind his web, on the reverse side, while he is making the picture. The pattern is before him. The materials are by his side. He weaves them in according to the pattern, but without seeing the charming picture that is coming into being.

So we are weaving our lives largely on the reverse side. There are many things in each of our lives of which we do not know the meaning now, but we shall know hereafter.

"The stone which the builders refused, is become the head stone of the corner."—Ps. cxviii. 22.

Macnail tells of a poor apprentice who made a cathedral window entirely out of pieces of glass that his master had condemned and thrown away. But when completed the window won the admiration of all. The master's boasted work was rejected, and the window made by the unknown artist, from condemned material, was given the place of honor in the great cathedral. So Christ takes fallen and sinful human

Evolution of the Salvation Army

CANADA—(Continued.)

PROGRESS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Within two months two hundred soldiers were marching in our ranks on the Sea-Point Isle, and though the fires of persecution were not abated, and ever and anon broke out in all their fury, still the work went on and increased mightily, and we have not all around the world to-day more devoted, patient, enduring, godly soldiers than these hardy Islanders, so long left languishing in the glouches of sin. What good I did some ask at the beginning; the result here has shown the good, as it ever does, and where the opposition is strongest, fiercest, and most unrelenting, there is the field of the

Greatest Triumphs.

It has been so, it is so, and it will ever be so until the war shall cease. This shall encourage us:

"And whosoever in earth's wide field, We lift for Him the red-cross shield, This is our song, our joy, our pride, Our Champion went before, and died!"

Eastern Province and Elsewhere BombarDED.

February, 1886, was a record of victory in common with these other winter months. As the wind and storm outside seemed to brighten the glow and enhance the warmth within the curtained room, so the frosts and snow seemed to wait into a glow the fiery zeal of our comrades, from one end of the Territory to the other.

On the 29th, the attack was made on Summerside. Here again the season prevented an attack in force, but God was there. The people had been anxiously looking for the advent of the Salvation Army, with whom report had made them familiar. But here, for a time, I declined to keep aloof from us. Of course,

Curiously Brought Out Great Crowds to the opening meetings, and the Spirit of God took hold of them, and thirty-five cases of salvation in the first two or three days was the first fruits of the mighty work to be done. The entire separation from the things of

souls, and is constructing out of them a beautiful temple of the Holy Ghost; and His glory and love shining through them, as the sun through pictured windows, makes them radiant with divine beauty."

"For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."—Rom. xiv. 7. People often say, "Well, if I am not altogether what I ought to be, I am no one's enemy but my own. I may not be good, but at least I do no harm."

No man, however, either liveth or dieth to himself. No one is ever committed whose consequences rested on the head of the sinner alone. What would be thought of a passenger in a ship, who should cut a hole in the ship's side, underneath his berth, and say, when expostulated with, that he was only his own enemy, and that he was injuring nobody except himself?

"The wicked shall be turned into hell."—Ps. ix. 17. A

SATURDAY. Christian miner, who was accompanying a gentleman down a deep mine, was shocked at his blasphemous language, and, on being asked if he thought it was as far to hell as it was to the bottom, replied, "I don't know how far it is to hell; but, judging from your language, if the rope broke you would be there in less than a minute."

The opening of Carbonar was equally a success.

Seven O'clock Sunday Morning Five Hundred People Out to Pray,

and in that first early morning meeting seven souls were saved. The service brought together were very great, and the first four days found forty-three notorious sinners yielding themselves to the claims of the Saviour's grace. The work at these two meetings was most satisfactory, and through the summer fishing season the soldiers carried the message of peace through Jesus' blood to the stormy coasts of Labrador, and many souls were saved through their testimony.

Still Another Advance.

The 20th of May, 1886, finds Nova Scotia troops again on the advance, this time upon Windsor. This was considered a very proper and remarkable town, and a good many thought there was but little scope for the Army's operations. The result, however, shows it entirely different; indeed, from the day of opening to the present writing a blessed work has been done. Drunkards have been reclaimed, the worst of sinners brought to God, and the oddest of professors warned to a sense of duty and fired with the spirit of determination to do it. A writer, not of the Army, speaking of the Windsor affair, says: "What are the soldiers compared to? Here is a drunkard freed from his bondage as one risen from the dead. His wife and son, some young men, walk to the meeting three or four times after a hard day's toil in the sun, a sailor or two, men of various positions, and the educator, and the respectable came also, to say the least, expression, 'hungering for Jesus,' and side by side they sit on the platform with reformed

Drunkards and Sinners.

of all complexions. This, be it remembered, is a place where the Army was supposedly not wanted; what must have been its results to the hundreds of places where could only there was a direful need of missionaries."

The summer months, in our Dominion, are not to say the least of it, the best adapted part of the year for our operations. The heat and light of the season are not calculated to help the gathering of large crowds into public buildings. Then again, the shortness of our summer renders it imperative for both soldiers and people to be more than occupied in the work of harvesting the crops and the other labors of the season, and of course this is doubly applicable to the country townships. But in spite of all, the advance went on, and we have still to record some mighty and blessed triumphs won in the name of King Jesus by these early warriors of the cross who laid down the foundation of Army work throughout the Territory.

WORDS FOR PARENTS.

Don't encourage in a small child that for which you will punish him when older.

Don't train a child to do what you wish of a child, but respect the child as far as possible.

Don't feel it beneath your dignity to give a child the reason for a refusal if practicable to do so; if it is not your former conduct should have inspired such confidence towards you, so as with cheerfulness to accept what he does not understand your motive. Social Gazette.

Every moral inheritance is established. The heart makes a good engine, but a poor rudder.

Yesterday's success may be source of to-day's failure.

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs' Tour IN THE EASTERN PROVINCE.

Anticipation bloomed into perfect realization regarding Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs' reception and meetings in the Maritime Provinces. Enthusiasm, energy, and zeal manifested in all these gatherings, surpassed all of a similar character for many years. The campaign throughout was a triumphal one. It was fitting that the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Jacobs should visit the Celestial City of Fredericton, where an excellent week-end was spent. The services were of a very helpful character.

St. John's citizens and troops looked forward with a good deal of pleasure to the anticipated visit of their old P. O. Mrs. Jacobs, who has never had the opportunity of visiting St. John since their farewell, some eight years ago, was warmly received by her old friends, who rallied up in full force, were especially glad to see her. It goes without saying that the Colonel got a good reception himself. A full house greeted them both, and the meeting was certainly of an extraordinary character, with nine souls for salvation.

After a long ride of a day and a night, the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Jacobs landed at North Sydney, where extensive preparations had been made for their meeting, and notwithstanding the heavy fall of rain, which poured down all day, the Royal Albert Hall—which was engaged for this occasion—was well filled. The Colonel dealt with his subject in an able manner, while the address of Mrs. Jacobs was certainly well received. From here they sailed for Newfoundland.

On their return from the island—where they had such a glorious series of meetings—they met with a very enthusiastic reception at Glace Bay. This is a live coal mining centre, where has been prominent before the world on account of the Marconi Wireless Telegraphy Station being built there. The Chief Secretary, accompanied by the Provincial Officer, visited this station, which was then in course of construction.

One hundred soldiers on the march, barracks over-crowded, with a couple of hundred unable to obtain admittance, a rousing meeting, and eleven souls, is the record of the meeting at Glace Bay.

At Sydney—which is now called the Pittsburg of Canada—a town which has risen within the last few years from a population of a few hundred to several thousand. What a change since Colonel Jacobs had charge of the work here. The Chief was very much interested in the shack built and used for a barracks. Had a splendid meeting and three souls.

Halifax was especially glad of the favor conferred upon them, in receiving a visit from their old leader. The meeting was described as being full of boiling-over enthusiasm, and some seven souls came forward.

The Colonel did a tour of inspection while in the city, inspecting the Rescued Home, Men's Shelter, and No. 11 barracks.

The meeting at Windsor was an agreeable surprise. Full house and four souls. The Colonel enjoyed exceptional liberty. His address was of a stirring character.

Travelling through the land of Evangeline, the Chief Secretary, with the P. O. and the pleasure of riding on one of the D. A. R. engines and viewing the landscape.

Yarmouth, visited to receive Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs. Mr. Pitt, M.P., acted as chairman, and delivered a splendid address, endorsing the Army for its excellent work, and especially its General, who is classed among the greatest men of history. Mr. Stoneham, M.P.—another good friend of the Army—delivered an address, and

also Dr. Hart, who spoke with a great deal of sympathy. Mrs. Jacobs excelled herself on this occasion, and of course the Colonel was able to take the opportunity. The hall was crowded out, notwithstanding that it was Saturday night, while the Sunday's meetings were extraordinary in character, crowds, enthusiasm, and spirit, which resulted in ten souls. It was a fitting close to such a campaign. Mrs. Jacobs contributed largely to the success of these meetings with her singing and addresses. All expenses were met, corps assisted, and all the spiritual blessings poured in.

It was with feelings of regret on our part—and we believe on the part

"What Shall I Do With Jesus, Which is Called Christ?"

This is, and should be, owing to the vast importance it is fraught with, the question of questions. Pilate's position at the time of asking this question was a remarkable one; face to face with the Man Christ, and just a little way from Calvary. Perhaps he had often wondered as he had heard of the Christ, what he would say to Him, or in what manner he would address Him, if ever he should come his way. It may be in the past he had often heard, just heard, of this Man, or perhaps he had watched Him from some point of vantage, as He spoke to someone in the street, or healed some decrepit soul, whose pain before had been intense, but has now ceased.

Now his chance for personal contact with the Man, the Christ, had come, and the Christian world understands whether or not.

He Was Equal to the Occasion.

I want to pose just here and say, has there not been a time when you have known something of Christ, not by merely seeing Him held someone on the far side of the street, or as He talked to a crowd, or an individual at a distance, but rather has there not been an opportunity offered itself, or more than one, when Christ came into your immediate presence, and by His almightiness drew you into a consciousness of His presence, and also of the importance of the occasion. Pilate wanted to do good, but he is poor, vacillating Pilate, with a desire to do good, but not backbone enough to do it. He is like a good many people of the present day, built to last round a washing tub. I suppose he is afraid of losing his position, of his prestige with the people, and not willing to take the risk of the dilemma so as not to hurt either side.

Then his wife has a strange dream, and she knows it is an important one, for she never ceases to have suffered in a dream before as on this occasion, and she dispatches a messenger with the important fact that she is convinced as to the character of Christ, and she says:

He is "Just."

But, you poor woman, you may be all very well to make cakes, mend clothes, entertain society, and such like, but in such important topics as this you can't be listened to. "My position is more to me than reverencing your honest opinions."

What a lot of people almost break their backs to get what they call a position, and then disregard their own visions, and instead of being to "honor" them they make them into miserable superstitions in their own misfortune—superstitions which, in a great many instances, never would have come to them and the one or the other, as the case may be, been listened to.

Oh, my dear woman, how poor are you men and women! I wonder how many shipwrecks less would we have if young people would only ask themselves the question that Pilate asked the crowd.

My young friend, give Christ the position He should be right here, and the sorrow that continually whitens the

of the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Jacobs was as low as the bottom of the harbor on their return to Toronto.

We were glad to find the Colonel in such good health, being equal to the strain of the meetings together with the tedious traveling.

During the Colonel's visit several new priorities were under consideration, namely, Sydney, New Glasgow, Digby, and Woodstock—Chancellor.

THE BEST FEEDING.

"Well, now, Robert, I'm not against the Salvation Army, for nobody can deny that they are doing a deal of good," said the minister, "but if you were a shepherd, wouldn't you like to see your sheep in your own fold?"

Robert scratched his head a bit, and then replied, "But if they could get into a little good feeding now and then, minister, I wouldn't mind."

My friends of older age, ain't you sorry that you didn't ask yourself this question?

When First Setting Out in Life?

and having asked it, came to the conclusion that He should be what He desired to be—the pivot upon which your life should swing.

But, then, how many ask themselves this question, and are made to ask it owing to the Spirit's promptings, and yet up to the present moment have never settled it in favor of Christ, and, as a matter of fact, by thus acting, have never settled it in favor of themselves. I contend that the man who sins against God, sins against himself, and just as much as in violating God's law so will he suffer in himself for it. Pilate asked the question, being brought face to face with stern duty.

Now, you Pilate, here is your chance to immortalize yourself as the defender of the faith, the tried friend of Jehovah, the man who will be victorious to the wall and for ever loses his chance.

Then, where did he ask this question?

Reader, you will please notice in the first part of this address I said it was face to face with Christ, and

Just a Little Way from Calvary.

There may be a little ground for plea in the case of a man who has never been touched by the enlightening power of the Holy Spirit, but none for the man who is, and has been, face to face with the person of Christ, in the person of the Holy Spirit.

Then, again, it was just a little way from Calvary, or the cross. Christ talks to you near the cross.

Your duty is right where He meets you. Your cross is right at your elbow. The shadow of Calvary may hang over it, and dark heads of sweat may be the token of your inward feelings. The pain of the crucifixion at this juncture may be terribly real, but take hold of the cross, as your convictions seize you be true to them, and in this world you will be a conqueror and in the world to come you will have life everlasting.

Again, what Pilate did adopted the crowd.

They clamored, he acquiesced in their desire, and handed over the Christ to be slain.

He handed what you do every day affects the crowd and the individual, or your persistent upholding of the truth you may influence others to do the same, even though the cable may clatter for His blood, and call on you to give Him over to be crucified. By your refusal to uphold Him you may cause for a woman that which you value more than the smile of your Master, but it with some day, slip from your grasp, and you will be left a helpless atom in God's universe, to be ushered into His presence to hear Him say, "Depart, I never knew you," etc. May God shield us, right for Jesus' sake. Sent by J. Moore.

How I Got Sanctified.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

Holiness. How often the term is used! How glibly it is rolled out in holiness meetings! How sadly and fearfully it is contradicted, when the testimony is put before the editors and words of the testifier in many instances, and the inquirer after holiness goes away disappointed, and if it were not for that voice in his soul he would say 'twas all a farce. But hallelujah! In this world of change and disappointment there is the opposite picture. We have met those whose professions and lives beautifully correspond. Yes, it is all true—wonderfully, delightfully true. That we can be controlled by God, and that sin can be taken right out of the life, and that the real sentiments of the heart can be, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

I will give my own experience, solely that it may help somebody. I am an Army officer, and for over four years was not sanctified out of five years and some months in field work. A little over one year has been made blessed with that Divine growth which starts when we get sanctified. I had the theory, but holiness meetings, in view of the people to come and be sanctified, but was in the dark myself. Sometimes I thought I had it, other times was very miserable feeling I had not. But to come to the point.

How I Got It.

I was stationed at a corps, and everything seemed hard spiritually. Good crosses, and splendid collections, but souls almost nil.

One morning, away alone in a room at the quarters, I knelt in desperate need. I must get sanctified. Previously I used to think I must work up some excitement, and when my feelings were at a certain height that faith then could grasp the promises. This had belonged to the past, and when the feelings went down, faith went too. But this time I thought, "Well, first thing, I must consecrate myself, and all I have, and all I hope to have, and with feelings not at all calculated to help me in my tremendous undertaking, I, with quiet desperation, and in a common sense way, went over my joys and hopes, present and future. Some were as dear as the right eye. They were as my life, and the devil whispered, "You could never give that up, you'll want it again." I fairly gasped at the thought of giving up, but I said, "Here it is, Lord; I believe you will keep me from looking to these things again." Then came my feelings. What a mountain they looked like! But after a second or two I said, "Lord, I believe you can manage them."

Then came the real test, everything was consecrated. "Now trust Him for your sanctification," and I did. I simply took God at His word, and said, "Lord, I believe."

I waited for no further manifestation. My feelings were not a scrap changed for the better. I arose from my knees, and knew I was sanctified. That was on Friday, and before Sunday night's meeting closed.

Eight Souls Were Saved,

and into my soul had stolen a peace I never thought a human being could enjoy. What I had given up seemed nothing—I wanted more in give.

At first I thought it couldn't last; but it was the devil's insinuation. It has lasted over a year. My work is delightful now. There is grandeur in the Bible as my only book. Sanctifying and helping believers is like new work to me. I know I am sanctified, and I know I am sanctified day by day. I know it. Daily sanctification is the only way to holiness. For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.—H. S.

God's word wins its own way.

An exact work of God's word.

Pressures come in service as well as after it.

The world does not need to make crosses for rewards.

God can give us patience, but He cannot give us practice.



Published for the Proprietor, The War Cry, at 10, Queen's Quay West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, by John M. C. Hume, at the War Cry Press, 10, Queen's Quay West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

All communications relating to the contents of the War Cry should be sent to the Proprietor, The War Cry, at 10, Queen's Quay West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. All communications for the Editor should be sent to the Editor, The War Cry, at 10, Queen's Quay West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. All communications for the Proprietor should be sent to the Proprietor, The War Cry, at 10, Queen's Quay West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. All communications for the Editor should be sent to the Editor, The War Cry, at 10, Queen's Quay West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. All communications for the Proprietor should be sent to the Proprietor, The War Cry, at 10, Queen's Quay West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.



Be Persistent.

One of the chief qualifications of a soul-winner is persistency. There are no difficulties and obstacles in the way of any man so great as those which the devil throws in the way of one who seeks to save others. It can easily be understood that the powers of darkness will most vigorously resist any effort in the interest of the Kingdom of Light, hence hell will always concentrate its greatest forces where the strongest attack is being made by anyone who fights the battle of heaven. But persistent effort will conquer; persistent love and forbearance will triumph over oppression and distrust; persistent prayer will conquer obstinate indifference. Let us be persistent in all our efforts, especially at a season when heat and counter-attraction would draw men's attention away from spiritual consideration toward worldly enjoyment. Do not entertain discouragement; "least not away your confidence," the apostle says. Indeed, we should rather trust in the final triumph of our single-eyed efforts, made in the strength of God than in visible results, for God, above everything, holds us responsible for the plowing, the seeding, and the cultivating of the field. The glory of the increase and the secret of growth is with Him.

The General ON THE CONTINENT.

338 SOULS SEEK THE SAVIOUR IN BERLIN—115 IN COPENHAGEN.

The General recently conducted seven crowded and wonderful meetings in Berlin, Germany.

At one of the meetings the General announced that he had called upon the Salvation Army throughout the world to pray for King Edward, and in delicate and tender language our beloved leader told the German audience that if their great Kaiser was similarly afflicted he would do the same.

When the General heard of the King's illness, he sent the following sympathetic message to the Queen: "We have learned with great sorrow of His Majesty's illness, and called the Salvation Army to pray for May God send deliverance and comfort to the heart of your Majesty."

Her Majesty graciously sent the following reply:

"I am commanded by the Queen to acknowledge your expression of deep sympathy."

In connection with these meetings no fewer than 338 persons publicly sought Divine mercy and deliverance from sin.

To those who know Germany the following figures constitute a monument of victory:

Saturday night	60	surrendered.
Sunday morning	31	"
Sunday afternoon	62	"
Sunday night	62	"
Monday afternoon	32	"
Monday night	58	"
Tuesday night	33	"

338

Following the Berlin campaign came the triumph at Copenhagen, Denmark, when six thousand persons remained for two hours, under a scorch-

ing sun, in the King's Gardens, and listened to a heart-searching address delivered by the General. There was extraordinary interest shown in the sixteen penitents who sought salvation in the grounds. The total number of souls was 143.

We are glad to say that the General is enjoying exceedingly good health. Saturday night the magnificent Temple was crowded with an appreciative audience. Fifty-three surrendered.



Canadian Cuttings.

Fraser River canners and fishermen have reached an agreement, and the salmon fishing has begun.

Major-General Lord Dundonald, who commanded the 2nd Cavalry Brigade at the relief of Ladysmith, Natal, sailed today from Liverpool for Montreal, on board the steamer Lake Champlain, in order to take over the command of the Canadian militia.

The entry of Newfoundland into confederation was broached at the Canada Club dinner in London, the Premier of the colony stating that if advantageous terms were offered he would exert himself to bring it about.

Thirty-five machinists are on the way from Scotland to take the place of strikers in the Kingston locomotive works.

Immigration from Great Britain to Canada, which has averaged about 11,000 yearly for five years past, increased to 17,000 last year.

A Montreal despatch quotes Major Rowe as stating that the British Government will establish army recruitment stations throughout Canada.

Mrs. Charlotte Goodman died in the Hamilton House of refuge at the remarkable age of about 110 years.

A cyclone caused considerable damage near Dundas, Ont., killing three people and injuring others, as well as killing many cattle.

Two colored men were buried in a tunnel at Niagara Falls. Charles Ester was fatally injured, and Joseph Cook had his skull fractured.

The Toronto City Council passed the vote of \$25,000 to the fund for the relief of the families of firemen killed or disabled while on duty.

British B. Staff.

Lord Salisbury, the British Premier, has resigned from office after a lengthy and eventful political career. While his resignation has been expected for some time, yet it came entirely unexpected to the British public. The King has accepted the resignation and offered Lord Salisbury a dukedom in recognition of the great service rendered to Great Britain, but the latter refused to accept the honor. The King has appointed Mr. Arthur Balfour, a well-known political leader, and author of several books of importance.

Pleas rising took place in Newry, Ireland, in which about twenty policemen, a Presbyterian clergyman, and a number of rioters were injured. The King journeyed from London to Portsmouth, and was carried on board the royal yacht Victoria and Albert by bluejackets for a sea voyage, and has been doing satisfactorily since.

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Sir Arthur Lawley has accepted the Lieutenant-Governorship of the Transvaal Colony.

Ex-President Steyn, of the former Orange Free State, Mrs. Steyn, and two doctors, sailed for Europe on a British steamer. Mr. Steyn is suffering seriously from enteric fever.

King Leopold of Belgium visited King Edward on the royal yacht.

The Prince and Princess of Wales start on their visit to India about the end of November.

Emperor William of Germany will visit King Edward on the royal yacht.

The British Government voted £250,000 to aid the West India sugar industry.

Earl Cadogan, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, has resigned.

The ladies of Cape Town presented Mrs. Steyn with £1,000 before she sailed for Europe with her husband, the ex-President of the Orange River Colony, who is seriously ill.

U. S. Statistics.

The American wheat crop for this year is estimated at 633,500,000 bushels. Last year's harvest was 748,460,213 bushels. The corn crop last year was a comparative failure. This year it is expected to beat the record, with 2,569,951,000 bushels, about one billion bushels more than the crop of last year.

The freight strike in Chicago is ended.

One man was killed and four others were seriously injured in a collision between a trolley car and a carriage in which the men were riding at Carnarville, L.I.

Cholera is still spreading in the provinces. The provincial totals are 14,567 cases and 10,937 deaths. Munia averages 40 cases daily.

Two powder magazines exploded in the Daily West silver mine in Utah, and it is thought about 200 men were killed.

The convention of the United Mine Workers, at Indianapolis, adjourned after arranging for a defence fund that is expected to aggregate nearly \$1,000,000 a month.

International Items.

Thirty persons were drowned by the sinking of a passenger steamer in the Luxe River, on the Warsaw Railway.

Several deaths from cholera have occurred in the Forbidden City. The Dowager-Empress is alarmed, and has kept the court physicians busy preparing remedies. The disease is increasing, especially among the Chinese soldiers here and at Peking. Reports from various parts of the Empire show that the epidemic is steadily spreading inland from the coast.

The Vienna Neue Freie Presse states that the shipping combine of which the Austrian Council of Industry offering to build ships for the Austrian trade, and to work the ships when they are completed.

There have been 95 cases of cholera and 50 deaths from that disease, at Moucha, near Assiut (also spelled Siout), the principal town and capital of Upper Egypt, near the Nile. It is further announced that 167 cases of

cholera have occurred at Assiut during the last three days, and that many of them were fatal.

Cholera has broken out in Siam, Japan.

Fifty-eight Russian harvesters were drowned by the sinking of a ferry boat on the River Volga.

Territorial News.

The Commissioner's meetings at Oakville, accompanied by the Rev. Knights, have been a terrific success, notwithstanding the fact that it rained almost incessantly the whole time. The Town Hall was crowded to excess on the Sunday night, and Sunday afternoon and Monday night the meetings were full. The finances were excellent, people were blessed, and best of all there were souls at the mercy of God. It is unnecessary to say the people of Oakville were in an ecstasy of light to see the Commissioner, and showed their sympathy with her. The Air Camp is a most practical matter.

Adjt. Byers, who was seriously hurt in an accident some time ago, and came so near death's door that his life was despaired of, has so far recovered to now be pronounced free of danger, for which we praise God.

The dates of the Harvest Festivals have been fixed for Sept. 20th to 22nd. The motto for the year is "Excelsis."

Adjt. Kenway, with his smiling bride, accompanied by Ensign Sheller, left the Union Station on Sunday, July 19th, for the Yukon. They were all in excellent spirits, and think just the kind of people for the far-off land, where a smiling face is an oasis in the desert. The Adjutant has promised to scribe a few lines now and again for the Cry, to keep your eyes open.

Brigadier Gaskin and Major Galt have gone on furlough for a couple of weeks.

Thus far the visits of the Rev. Knights to the city camps, in behalf of the Commissioner's Fresh Air Camp have been eminently successful, in anxiety and otherwise.

A dollar could not be more profitably invested than by giving it to the Fresh Air Camp for poor children. As I write, half a dozen newly christened babies are in the office asking for tickets to take them for a couple of weeks' rest away from the narrow streets of the city. "Have you time?" "If you can trip down to Oakville, and the rest of the children's camp will do you heart good."

As before stated, anyone knowing children in destitute circumstances may communicate with Miss Booth, the Territorial Headquarters, Albert Street. It is possible that out there might overlook some deserving child in the city of Toronto.

We would be glad to receive any good, original songs, set to familiar tunes. Please take special care to see that the metre, rhyme and sense are all right. Songs must on no account be sacrificed for rhyme.

We are extremely sorry to have songs into the W. P. B. and yet we cannot afford to spend a complete hour on one song. We have quite a number of such in the pigeon-hole at the present time, which are waiting for the Cry poet to find time to turn them up. Those that will be, be now able to say.

West Ontario Camp Meeting.

(By Wilro.)
Camp meetings now in full swing at Simcoe. Crowds and finances have far exceeded our highest expectations. Sunday afternoon and night tent was gorgeous. Souls are being saved. Interest is rising. In spite of the unfavorable weather the meetings have been a tremendous success. Major and Mrs. McMillan, of the Territorial Headquarters, are expected to be bright for a glorious winter. Full report later.—Officer in Charge.



Great Britain.

During the month of June people were accepted as in the British Territory, of Corps-Cadets who died during June was more previous month.

We call the following British Cry: "Adjt. Hodge, attention to a remarkable says he, 'In our Sol under date June 26th, we have the heading, 'King I' and seeing that might have been arranged Day, this fact seems notice."

After a fortnight with Commissioner Nicol in London on Saturday, Editor-in-Chief was glad to consider the campaign and Denmark among the able the Army. As for "copy," the Commissioner has his note-books along.

At a recent Sunday in the Blackfriars Shelter men were present.

Among the converts Shelter, London, found a qualified chemist, a painter, printer, potter, woodwright, and a butler.

Many of the poor men in the King's Dinner Shelter on Saturday, the over seventy years of seventy-eight.

United States.

The Chicago Record has the picture of a Salvation in full uniform, as a recent Sunday edition.

Ensign Hughes, an officer, with his soldiers, an interesting time in the office asking for tickets to take them for a couple of weeks' rest away from the narrow streets of the city. "Have you time?" "If you can trip down to Oakville, and the rest of the children's camp will do you heart good."

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In Splendid Condition.

Bay Roberts.—I have returned to this corps to battle for God and souls. Adj. Hiseck has left the barracks in a splendid condition, and everything is in good order. With lots of prayer, faith, house to house visitation, etc., we are looking forward to a good summer's work and a harvest of souls.—Adj. Bower.

Heaven on Earth.

Black Island.—Sunday was a blessed day. We visited the outpost and had another real fiery time, with two souls in the fountain. They got the glory, and we were led to say, "Heaven on earth is now begun."—J. Downey, Capt.

A Beautiful Summer Resort.

Blenheim.—On Monday we had a united picnic to Rondosa, a beautiful summer resort, surrounded by Lake Erie, Wallaceburg, Dresden, Chatham, Ridgeway, and Blenheim were united. Leaving Blenheim by train at 11:15, we arrived at Rondosa in fifteen minutes. After a few hours' sight-seeing, we lined up under a booth for an open-air meeting, led by Adj. McHarg, the D. O. A very good meeting was held. We were favored with a solo by Capt. White and Lieut. Ellis, and addresses by Capt. Campbell and Pattenden. After some testimonies a collection was taken up in a tabernacle, which proved a great hit. There was music by the Ridgeway and Blenheim brass bands. Our meeting was brought to a close abruptly in order that we might catch the train for home. Owing to no officers arriving, the meetings on Sunday were conducted by the Local Officers.—Ina Groom.

Two Broken-Hearted Sinners.

Boltonville.—Where there's a heart to pray, there's a God to hear and answer prayer. These words were verified last Sunday night at the above-named place, when two broken-hearted sinners cried unto the Lord for deliverance. We are in for victory through the blood of the Lamb.—S. French, C.O.



J. S. Sergt-Major Mitchell, St. Stephen, N.E.

He Gave God Thanks.

Rowmerville.—We are having good meetings. The comrades are getting fired up and are working hard. One young man gave his heart to God on Wednesday night, and has since returned to give God thanks. The old-time religion is manifested in Mother Gilbert. The Company meetings are well attended, and much good is being accomplished. The B. O. L. meeting is conducted each week with some success, and we expect to increase the membership.—Jas. Marshall, Capt.

Fifteen Souls Saved.

Bridgetown.—Since last report the work has been steadily and evenly on the upgrade "Advance" is our motto for every day in the week. During our month's stay here God has blessed our labors, the liabilities have been cleared off, and fifteen souls have come to Jesus. Our new hall is far ahead of the old one in every particular. The fire is spreading. Glory to Jesus.—White Wings.

Adj. Stevens' Farewell.

Butte.—On Sunday evening Adjutant Stevens, who has been stationed at Butte for the past fifteen months, farewelled, and is now making marching orders to proceed to Vancouver, where she will take charge of the Army work in that city. A large audience assembled to listen to the gifted speaker's address, and sprinkled through the same were clerical and professional men of the city, as well as representatives from the different churches. The soldiers were out in full force, and their ringing testimonies attested the high appreciation in which they held their leader. The Adjutant's address was replete with sound wisdom, practical, and to the point. She admonished the soldiers to be faithful and true to the solemn obligations they had assumed, and pled earnestly with the sinners to repent and turn to God. At the conclusion of the service the audience arose and came forward to bid the Adjutant good-bye, and to wish her a safe and pleasant journey to her new field of labor. The parting was very affecting, many of the audience being moved to tears. The Adjutant will be accompanied on her journey by Miss Florence Massey, who goes to Greenwood, B.C., as a Cadet. Miss Massey was converted in this city about six months ago, and goes into the Salvation Army work with the good wishes of Butte's best citizens, who will rejoice to hear of her success and advancement. May God bless her. Montana feels proud of those whose side she has sent to the front as her representative in a missionary work, as they have universally proven themselves to be worthy of the confidence reposed in them.—John McDonald.

A Spiritual Treat.

Campbellford.—We are very much pleased to have with us Staff-Captain Burditt and Capt. Urquhart. We had a blessed time on Sunday. In the holiness meeting one soul came out for the blessing of a clean heart. One soul sought Christ in the afternoon, and three at night. We had an old-time meeting. God came in power and blessed us. Our open-air were good, sinners were convicted, and we had a good spiritual treat to our own souls.—R. C.

Sixty Souls.

Campbellton.—We are glad to report victory. God is blessing us in a special manner. Since coming here some sixty souls have sought salvation. Praise God! We were pleased to have a visit from our P. O. Brigadier Sharp, and the Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Howell. We had a good week end with souls in the fountain. Come on, Singuer and Staff—Black Bird.

The Last Call.

Clareville.—God moves in a mysterious way. Our first convert here is a young man who had many calls from God to forsake the ways of sin, but he always refused to obey. The last call was the death of his dear wife. After the funeral he came to Jesus with his burden of sin and sorrow. On Thursday night his brother, who was a backslider, came back to the fold. To God be all the glory.—R. Sainsbury.

A Change of Lieutenants.

Cobourg.—On Wednesday Lieutenant Rutledge conducted his farewell meeting. We had a splendid time. Lieut. Matthews, from Port Hope, was with us, and God blessed us abundantly. We welcomed into our midst on Saturday Lieutenant Oldford, who, I am sure, will be a great blessing and help to us. We had good meetings all day on Sunday.—A. Hornback.

Six Souls Captured.

Doting Cove.—Sunday was a good day to saint and sinner. At night the heavy artillery, led on by the Captain, laid siege to the fortress of sin, and after a well-directed fire, captured some six souls from the enemy's ranks. We have just returned from the counsels held at St. John's, which were wonderful times. We were richly blessed and came back to our corps filled with love for God and souls. We are in for victory.—Hesekiah Wiltshire, Lieut.



Capt. Ebbary, Digby, N.S.

Life and Glory Boys.

Digby.—Once more we can report victory. The Life and Glory Boys, with Staff-Capt. Howell, have paid us a visit. We had a grand meeting, and three souls came out for salvation. To God be all the glory.—Julius Ebbary, Capt.

P. H. Q. Special.

Elmerson.—The war still goes on. The fighting is hard, but God does bless us in our efforts for Him. We have not seen many visible results, but we have been casting bread upon the waters, and we expect it to return again. We had good meetings on Sunday, led by Ensign Smith, from P. H. Q. The Ensign is all right. He gave us some good, straight talks. Praise God! On Saturday night we had an ice-cream and cake social.—W. J. M.

A Little Girl Saved.

Ort.—Our open-air meeting on Saturday night was well attended. Little Vera Alderidge, who is only nine years of age, came to Jesus. "I love to tell the story," which was much appreciated. The meeting in the grove, on Sunday afternoon, was grand. At night we had the pleasure of seeing these converts enrolled as soldiers. May God bless them.—Mrs. Gooding.

Twenty-Four for the Week.

Glouce Bay.—On Tuesday we had with us Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs. In the afternoon we had a real, old-fashioned holiness meeting, which did our souls good. Thirteen precious souls knelt at the merry seat for sanctification. At night we met with high faith for a real good salvation meet-

ing. The comrades were all on fire. The Colonel gave us a very interesting address, talking for his subject, "The first labor strike." His talk took deep hold of the sinners' hearts, and at the close of the meeting we rejoiced to see its penitents crying for salvation. We have also had a glorious weekend winding up with five at the merry seat, making a total of twenty-four for salvation and sanctification for the week.—E. J. Strothard, Lieut.

Twenty Souls.

Hespeler.—Since Captain and Mrs. Hancock took charge, upwards of twenty precious souls have sought and found the Saviour to the joy and satisfaction of their hearts. To God be the glory. We marched to Father Lawsons, and the band played a few selections by request. The day was a man is wearing the river. He has ways been a friend to the Army since its advent here, eighteen years ago when he used to march the streets with us. It was good to hear him shout, "Glory!" God bless him. We held our afternoon meeting close beside the river under the trees. The meeting at night was grand, and we wound up with four precious souls seeking the Saviour. One dear lady volunteered for salvation. We prayed and sang until her husband also came and knelt at the feet of our loving Lord, and found Him ready to forgive the past.—E. Dearling, R.C.

A Free-Will Offering.

Ingersoll.—God has indeed been helping us in this place, and much have been saved. For some time past we have been struggling with a debt, but during the Sunday afternoon meeting the circumstances were explained to the people, and a free-will offering was asked for. The request was made that they raise the same and lay it upon the little white table, which was placed in the centre of the platform. Without any waiting, one after another brought their gift, and in five minutes about \$25 was placed on the table, most of the amount being given by our own people. A suggestion was made by a friend, who had contributed quite freely, that on the following Sunday another offering would be taken in the same manner, to finish paying the debt, which was accepted by the ladies and friends, some of whom, having already laid by the amount for the same. The spirit in which this was done was beautiful, many being moved to tears by the presence of God. The outside people of Ingersoll are very kind, and it is a pleasure to work amongst them.—Ensign Hobbott, C.O.

Forward!

Kilmount.—We are doing all we can for God. We have not been here long, but we like the place and are getting on well. We are going in to do our best to win souls for God, and be a blessing to the people. Praise God for one soul. Our motto is "Forward!"—J. Marcell, Capt.

Twelve Seekers.

Larimore.—Twelve souls recently came out for the blessing. Glory to God! We are expecting greater assistance.—W. B. Miron, Capt.

Things in the Fountain.

Little Bay Island.—Since last report we have felt much of the Spirit of God, and we can rejoice over three souls in the fountain. Since Lieut. A. Skinner arrived we have had beautiful times, and we feel like saying, "I cannot leave the dear old place."—Emily Oxford, C.C.

Abundant Blessings.

Neepawa.—We had a good meeting on Sunday evening, and many were converted of sin. God was with us and blessed us abundantly. We are believing that before long many more will be saved.—A Soldier.

Interesting Meeting and

Nelson.—Again farewell! come and our officers have good-bye to Nelson, Capt. ing to Revelstoke to sup weeks, and then to Vancouver. Ensign Scott leaves for E. We are sorry to lose the quite an interesting meeting night. Everyone vied to tell how they were of sin, and each had a di to tell. Ensign Scott showed his angel mother, which she spoke of her child when her dear mother perished. For over eight years she has been a Salvationist, and is by the help of God, to render the Army till the end coming having a very hard fight now, with small crowds of sinners, and many of our soldiers had to leave to get work. White Wings.

An Irish Meeting.

Norland.—We are glad God is blessing our work. On Tuesday evening an Englishman was present. Some of the all the way from the Falkland Islands; also Adj. Sims were present. Mr. gave an Irish recitation, a good music, which was by the large crowd present. program ice-cream was served which Lieut. Williams gave. Lieutenant is a real Irish nationalist, and we are sorry to go. He has our prayers wishes. We have welcomed Markell and Lieut. Watson. That God may bless them.—Sunshine.

A Welcome Home.

Norin Sydney.—Ensign Carter were with us for a had good crowds, and three fessed salvation. The folks to see Mrs. Carter back home. Their speaking were appreciated. Year after stiff battle, one soul returned. Three new Lieutenants, from Toronto to Newfoundland. Capt. Stevens, going home have been with us lately. the fire burning.—L. A.

The Major's Visit.

Ottawa.—We gave Major Turner a cordial welcome arrival here. We had a ing, six recruits being sent Major. This was also the of the long-promised visit. Turner, who helped to making more interesting. That day the Major, accompanied by Gates, visited a portion of Mrs. Turner conducted singing at Ottawa until the turn. On July last the S. J. Brittain. Major and conducted two routing meetings by Capt. B. B. the Rescue Home and also Lieut. Duncan, Carpe and Soward. The brass attendance, and rendered full music. We spent the ably. On the Thursday following Capt. Lang farrow is going home on account of her father. On Sunday four precious souls found the Cross, two being B. R. C.

Signs of a Revival.

Owen Sound.—During the we have had the joy of souls at the Cross. We are advancing. On all sides of a revival. Great interest in our knee-drills. One by one is the best meeting of sinners we have seen. We are believing for a souls.—Chance.

The Baby Corps Progress.

Sault Ste. Marie.—Since of this corps we have been the fort, and God has efforts. On Thursday souls sought Jesus. Great taken in our open-air meetings we have no difficulty in the tent, the crowd averaged two hundred every night, are very liberal, and responsive.

Interesting Meeting and Farewell.

Nelson.—Again farewell orders have come and our officers have had to say good-bye to Nelson, Capt. Charlton going to Revelstoke to supply for two weeks, and then to Vancouver, while Ensign Scott leaves for Everett, Wash. We are sorry to lose them. We had quite an interesting meeting on Tuesday night. Everyone who testified had to tell how they were convicted of sin, and each had a different story to tell. Ensign Scott sang, "That's how my angel mother died," after which she spoke of her childhood days, when her dear mother passed away. For over eight years the Ensign has been a Salvationist, and is determined, by the help of God, to remain true to the Army till the call comes. We are having a very hard fight in Nelson now, with small crowds in the meetings, and many of our soldiers have had to leave to get work elsewhere.—White Wings.

An Irish Reckitation.

Norland.—We are glad to say that God is blessing our work in this place. On Tuesday evening an enjoyable time was spent. Some of the soldiers came all the way from the Falls to our ice-cream social; also Adlt. and Mrs. Sims were present. Mrs. Stephens gave an Irish reckitation, and there was good music, which was appreciated by the large crowd present. After the program ice-cream was served, after which Lieut. Williams farwelled. The Lieutenant is a real blood-and-ice Salvationist, and we are sorry to see him go. He has our prayers and best wishes. We have welcomed Captain Marshall and Lieut. Warn, and pray that God may bless their labors here.—Sunshine.

A Welcome Home.

North Sydney.—Ensign and Mrs. Carter were with us for a Sunday. We had good words, and three souls professed salvation. The folks were glad to see Mr. Carter back at her old home. Their speaking and singing were appreciated. Yesterday, after a stiff battle, one soul surrendered to God. Three new recruits, on their way from Toronto to Newfoundland, also Capt. Stevens, going home on furlough, have been with us lately. Lord, keep the fire burning.—L. A.

The Major's Visit.

Ontario.—We gave Major and Mrs. Turner a cordial welcome on their arrival here. We had a grand meeting, six recruits being enrolled by the Major. This was also the fulfillment of the long-promised visit of Mrs. Turner, who helped to make the meeting more interesting. The following day the Major, accompanied by Lieut. Gatus, visited a portion of the District. Mrs. Turner conducted special meetings at Ottawa, until the Major's return. On July 1st the S. A. held their picnic at the Metropolitan Grounds, Britannia. Major and Mrs. Turner conducted two rousing meetings, being assisted by Capt. Sims and O'Neil. The Harvest Home and corps officers, also Lieut. Duncan, Carpenter, Gatus, and Soward. The brass band was in attendance, and rendered some beautiful music. We spent the day profitably. On the Thursday evening following Capt. Lang farwelled. She is going home on account of the illness of her father. On Sunday evening four precious souls found pardon at the Cross, two being baptismal.—R. C.

Signs of a Revival.

Owen Sound.—During the past week we have had the joy of seeing three souls at the cross. We are steadily advancing. On all sides we see signs of a revival. Great interest is taken in our knee-drills. One brother says it is the best meeting of the week. Sinners are being brought to the Cross, and we are believing for a harvest of souls.—Chance.

The Baby Corps Progressing.

Sault Ste. Marie.—Since the opening of this corps we have been holding the first, and God has blessed our efforts. On Thursday night three souls sought Jesus. Great interest is taken in our open-air meetings, and we have no difficulty to get a crowd. The meetings have been well attended in the tent, the crowd averaging over two hundred every night. The people are very liberal, and respond nobly to

our appeals for financial help. The last week-end was a time long to be remembered. Many should have come to the mercy seat, but only one ventured. Our opportunities are very great. We had a crowd of six hundred in the tent on Sunday night, and over thirty dollars for the week-end. When the Brigadier comes again, we would like to have twenty recruits ready to be enrolled. Since the opening eight souls have knelt at the mercy seat.—Froggie.

United Meeting.

Somerset.—We had a splendid united meeting on Friday, July 4th. Adlt. Graham conducted the service, assisted by Ensign Sabine, Capt. Prince, Payne, and Redmond, and Sec. Charles Harrison. Ensign Sabine and Capt. Payne sang a duet, "From the General down to me." Capt. Prince spoke, several testimonies were given, and three sought forgiveness of their sins.—L. A. Stewart.

Our Prayers Were Answered.

St. George's, Ber.—Our little corps is gaining victories. At knee-drill on Sunday morning one dear brother triumphed over doubt and uncertainty, and sought a full salvation. His overflowing happiness testifies to the fact of his having received it. During the week there was a good attendance at the public meetings and we all received great blessing on the occasion of our D. O. visit. The Adjutant was accompanied by the officers from various corps. On Saturday night one whom we have prayed much for came to the penitent form, and afterwards testified that he meant to follow Jesus.—Sydney A. Church.

Calgary Comrades Welcomed.

Strathroy.—Our officers and a number of the soldiers took in the grand proceedings at London on Dominion Day. Of course, we had a lively, blessed day's meetings on Sunday. Sinners are coming to Jesus. We have also had the pleasure of welcoming two comrades from Calgary.—A. Hal-dane.

They Volunteered for Salvation.

St. Stephen.—On Sunday, June 25th, Capt. Green and Lieut. Riley said good-bye to St. Stephen. On Tuesday night we had a children's demonstration and musical meeting. We had a nice crowd and in spite of outside attractions, Lieut. Riley's mandolin playing was enjoyed very much, also the songs and recitations by the children. On Wednesday night Ensign Williams was with us, and our officers said their final farewell. We pray that God will make them a blessing in their new appointments. We had the joy of seeing two souls at the cross. Thursday night we welcomed Ensign and Mrs. G. P. Thompson. Their meetings on Sunday were good. Five held up their hands in prayer and two volunteered out for salvation.—J. S. M. Mitchell.

New Officers and Teachers.

Tilt Cove.—On Saturday, June 25th, Adlt. and Mrs. Sparks and Lieut. Blackmore arrived to take charge of Tilt Cove Corps and District. At night

the soldiers turned up in full force and gave them a good welcome. God was with us on Sunday. At the afternoon and night meetings we had a packed house and many had to be turned away. We finished up with a wind-up and two souls in the fountain. The Lieutenant is also the S. A. school teacher for Tilt Cove, and ere this appears in print she will have the school in working order. We are sorry that we cannot start in our new schoolhouse just yet, but we are going to have school in the barracks for a time.—L. G.

Farewell.

Westville.—Ensign and Mrs. Thompson farwelled on Sunday for St. Stephen, N.B. They have worked hard while stationed here. Mr. Bray, the Y.M.C.A. Secretary, spoke in the farewell meeting, and said some very splendid things about the Salvation Army and the farwelling officers. God bless them.—A Soldier.

Where is This Good News From?

The work is still going along nicely. Five converts have been enrolled and made into blood-and-fire soldiers. Capt. Chandler and Lieut. Chislett are faithful workers, and are in for pushing the war in spite of opposition. One wanderer came home in the meeting last night.—Brownie.

Flag and Fire Signal Lecture.

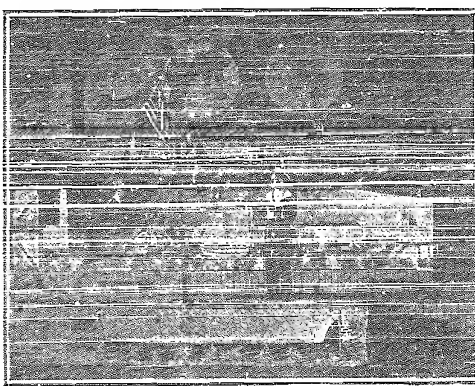
The Flag and Fire Signal lecture last Thursday evening, at Winnipeg, conducted by Ensign Smith, was very instructive and interesting. The flag signals were run up the masthead and explained, and was illustrated by thrilling experiences of sailors on the deep.

Between the signals Adlt. Wakefield led the singing of special choruses and songs. After the flag signals came the fire signal tableaux.

A scene of the ocean with the lighthouse and harbor in the distance, and ignominious on the rocks, their lights all lit up, made it look very real and pretty. One of the ships began to rock and send up the blue light of distress, the lighthouse on the shore answering with the red lights. Then the vessel going to the rescue cleared up with the green lights, "We are coming," while the lighthouse on the rocks sent the rocket lifelines over the vessel. The band then played, "Joy, oh, joy, behold the Saviour," and the crowd repaired to the small hall to partake of the ice-cream and cake prepared by the Junior workers, the proceeds more than paying for the treat given to the Juniors before meeting.

There was a good crowd, everything went off successfully, and we believe, through the object-lessons given, good was done for the Kingdom.—See Saw.

"Do you want to know where hell is?" Perhaps it is right before you, and the next step you take may land you there!

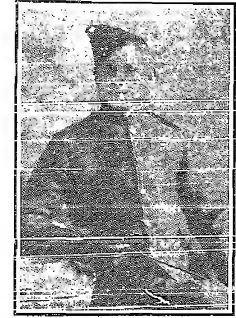


The Signal Service of Ensign Smith, Winnipeg.

Promoted to Glory.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

We are sure that our comrades everywhere will be full of grief at the sad news which comes from South Africa, of the death of Bro. Warren Craig, son of Mr. Samuel Craig, of Newcastle, and a member of the Salvation Army for years. Bro. Craig enlisted for South Africa over a year ago, and became a member of the S. A. Constabulary, and then sailed for South Africa. From the day he left Canada until lately he has enjoyed good health. Just a few weeks ago he was reported sick with enteric fever, and during the time of his illness many anxious and prayerful hearts of comrades in Newcastle hoped for his recovery. But, alas! our Heavenly Father, who is too wise to err and too loving to be unkind, has ordered it otherwise, as our dear brother



Bro. Craig, Newcastle, N.E.

has heard the Master's call and crossed the bar. To-day we believe he is meeting in the calm light of everlasting life.

Of the character of our late comrade it is unnecessary for us to say much, as he was well known. Being acquainted and associated with Bro. Craig ever since my earliest recollections, I can speak of him as I knew him. In his home he was found to be a dutiful, kind-hearted, industrious son, and in the Army he was a faithful, pleasant, and unselfish comrade, loved by all in the corps, as he possessed such an affectionate spirit and was ever ready to hear the burdens of others. In the interests of his country he was found to be of the type of sterling Canadians, brave, determined, and withal noble and Christ-like.

As betokening the regard in which Bro. Craig was held by all his Army comrades here, many voiced their heart-felt sorrow, and paid some touching tributes to our late brother in the memorial service held on Sunday night. A loyal soldier he was, who stood by the flag and became a distinguished comrade. Now he rests beneath the African veldt. Never more shall we see his cheerful face in our midst, but when the toils of life are over we shall meet again to part no more. May we all be faithful unto death, as our comrade was, and strive to enter in at the straight gate. We know in this dispensation of Providence the shadows of bereavement have rested heavily upon the home of Bro. Craig, and our prayers go out to the sorrowing hearts, and to them we extend our heart-felt sympathy, and pray that God may grant His richest consolation and gather them in unbroken families into His heavenly home.—Eug. P. Maltby.

PROMOTED TO GLORY.

Miss Margaretta. On Sunday morning, June 29th, our sister, Miss Margaretta, passed away, and conquered the last enemy, death. She had been sick for months, but through her suffering was never known to murmur. She took it from God, her Father knowing He would all things well. I did not have the privilege of visiting her, as we arrived at this place too late, but judging from the testimonies given around the grave, she is among the number to-day who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. We pray that God may comfort the bereaved ones.—M. Mercer, Capt.



comrades were all on foot and gave us a very interesting taking for his subject, "The Saviour." His talk took right to the hearts of the men, and at the meeting we rejoiced to see some crying for salvation. We had a glorious week-end up with five at the mercy seat, a total of twenty-four, and sanctification for J. J. Strothard, Lieut.

Twenty Souls.
er.—Since Captain and Mrs. took charge, upwards of precious souls have sought and found the Saviour to the joy and glory of their hearts. To get to glory. We marched to Father's, and the band played a few songs by request. The dear old father, the river. He has been a friend to the Army since at here, eighteen years ago, used to march the streets. It was good to hear him say "God bless him." After the afternoon meeting, we went river under the trees. That night was grand, and we up with four precious souls the Saviour. One dear sister died for salvation. We waited until her husband also came at the feet of our Lord, and found him ready to forgive.—E. Deering, R.C.

A Free-Will Offering.
Bill.—God has indeed been in our hearts in this place, and we saved. For some time we have been struggling with a dear old friend, and a free-will offering for. The request was made, and the same day and day. A little while later, which was the centre of the platform, a waiting, one after another their gift, and in five about \$15 was placed on the foot of the amount being given. A suggestion was made, that a friend, who had contributed, that on the following day another offering would be in the same manner, to finish paying, which was arranged by Adlt. and friends, some of the ladies already said by the same name. The spirit in which this was beautiful, many have so years by the presence of the outside people of interest in kind, and it is a pleasure to amongst them.—Ensign Moore, D.

Forward!

Must.—We are doing all we can. We have not been here long, but like the place and are getting to like it. We are going to do for the souls for God, and be to the people. Praise God soul. Our motto is "Forward!"

Twelve Seekers.
ora.—Twelve souls received the Saviour, and glory in it. We are expecting greater things. W. E. Moore, Capt.

Three in the Fountain.
May Island.—Since last report, we have had a very good time. We felt much of the Spirit of God, and we can rejoice over them. The fountain. Since then, we have arrived, we have had times, and we feel like not to leave the dear old May Island, C.C.

Abundant Blessings.
wa.—We had a good meeting evening, and many were saved. God was with us, and we were abundantly blessed. We had a very long meeting, and many were saved. A Soldier.

OFF TO THE KLONDIKE.

ADJ. KENWAY, LIKE A WISE MAN GETS MARRIED PREVIOUS TO GOING—THE CHIEF SECRETARY CONDUCTS THE IMPORTANT CEREMONY, AND THE KNOT WAS PROPERLY TIED.

Salvation Army weddings have by no means lost their attraction, as was evidenced by the fact that a large crowd assembled at the S. A. Temple on Thursday night last to witness the uniting in holy matrimony of Adj. George Kenway and Capt. Bertha Bell. While it was a very happy crowd that came to see the ceremony, there was a marked absence of anything like frivolity, and from the commencement of the service to the close everyone was able to keep "the even tenor of their ways."

It is necessary to speak but briefly of the preliminaries; the Chief Secretary gave some good, sound advice, which was well received, and not without profit. We also learned considerable about the history of the bridegroom, who is an old man-o-war-man, and who in his early days had the pleasure of being in a gunnery class at the same time as

The Present Prince of Wales, who was then Duke of York. He was an outstanding sailor, a thorn in the side, and was one of a group of sailors who styled themselves "The Life and Glory Boys."

As an officer for quite a number of years, he has filled many important positions in Newfoundland and Canada. In the former place he commanded quite a number of districts, and also acted as Assistant at the Provincial Headquarters in St. John's. In Canada he has also seen much service in various ways, G.R.M. Financial Special in West Ontario being his last appointment.

The bride, Capt. Bell, has acted in the capacity of Secretary to Lieut. Colonel Mrs. Read, and has also done much service otherwise in the Rescue Work.

When the Colonel gave notice to "stand forward" there was

Not the Slightest Hesitancy

on the part of either the bridegroom or the bride, who stood immediately to the front, the bride assisted by Miss Brookings of Territorial Headquarters, and the Adjutant by Staff-Capt. Frank Morris. The "I do's" were pronounced in no uncertain way, and could be heard distinctly all over the building. The ring was quickly placed upon the finger of the bride, and the Chief Secretary pronounced them to be man and wife, and at the very first opportunity after that, a love token, in the shape of a kiss, was planted by the bridegroom on the cheek of the bride. The Colonel prayed, and thus the first part of the service came to a close.

The many messages which had been arriving during the service were then read, hearty applause being given at the end of each reading.

Since we not permit our quoting them all, but we must at least give the one from the Commissioner:

MESSAGE

To Adjutant Kenway and Captain Bell on the occasion of their marriage, July 17th, 1902:

At this eventful epoch in your experience, I am anxious to express my appreciation of your faithful service for God and the flag, given in the years that are past, and my confidence that the new path of usefulness which together you will tread may be crowned by the glory of yet greater triumphs.

I pray that your union may be a strengthening of your love to God, and your efforts for the salvation of men, that together you may perfectly fulfil His purposes concerning the life of you each.

Your appointment to Dawson City—a post so great a distance from Headquarters—is an expression of my unwavering trust in you both to discharge your full duty as followers of Christ and the flag, and here I want to assure you not only of my prayers, but the prayers of hundreds of your comrades which will follow you.

(Signed) Brangeline Booth, Commissioner.

Lieut. Colonel Mrs. Read also sent a warm message. Capt. Bell had been a faithful and devoted officer in the Rescue Work for three years, and had proved herself capable in every position she had held. The Lieut. Colonel had also known Adj. Kenway as a loyal, hard-working officer, and wished them God-speed.

Other messages were read from Adj. Goodwin, who rejoiced in being "one of the faithful few." Telegrams from Major McMillan and Provincial Staff, Ensign Hanna, Adj. McHarg, and others followed, being full of warm wishes and good-will.

Brigadier Gaskin then spoke to us, and his timely remarks were well received. As the responsible officer for the work in the Yukon to the Commissioner, in view of the Adjutant's appointment to that Arctic clime, his words came with special force. He paid a very high tribute to the work of the officers who had preceded the Adjutant in command of the work in the Klondike, and also spoke of the Adjutant's suitability for

A Command so Far Removed

from the seat of Army operations. He was a man who was diligent in business, and each one was required at a post so distant.

Ensign Hellman, of the new Klondike Contingent, also gave a stirring little talk, and although she had been described as being in "a delicate state of health," it had only been in a bit of fun, for she looked the picture of perfect health.

We must not forget the beautiful solo of Alexander Pagniere in the earlier part of the meeting, or the speech of Staff-Capt. F. Morris, who reminded us that if there was one thing better than married bliss, it was single blessedness, and brought a few more thoughts to our minds which are likely to stay for a time.

The Chief Secretary brought the meeting to a beautiful close, and as a song of consecration was sung many hearts were coached afresh, and we could truly say out of this wedding service His name was glorified. In the far-off gold fields of the Klondike we wish Adj. and Mrs. Kenway every success, and also their staff of officers. They will have difficulties, but they have never won amongst a warmer-hearted lot of people—Fry.

A Wedding and Farewell.

Victoria—On Wednesday evening there was a grand rally of soldiers on the occasion of the welcome home to our old officer, Capt. LeDrew. She has changed her name to that of our worthy Treasurer (Wm. Galorath) Bro. McNeill. God abundantly bless Brother and Sister McNeill. All the soldiers, with few exceptions, were present and gave them a real hearty welcome. Capt. Walrath had a nice soldiers' tea for the occasion, and everything went well. Sister McNeill took an active part in the meeting. We are pleased to have Capt. Walrath stay another term, but sorry that Cadet McCormick has farewelled for Resolute. We shall miss her. She is a good soldier of the cross, and has done her duty nobly. God bless her, in the prayer of Victoria soldiers.—Sergt. W. H. Shillingday.

St. John Wedding.

On July 2nd Staff-Capt. Howell conducted the wedding of Serot-Major March of St. John H. and J. S. Sergt. Major Mrs. Collins, of No. 5. The wedding, which was a quiet affair, took place at their future home in the presence of a few personal friends, and was conducted by the Staff-Captain in his usual happy way. Brother and Sister March are Salvationists of some years' standing, and are devoted to the Army, putting in full time in

trying to lift the fallen, and we feel sure they will go forward with fresh zeal together to work for God. We are sorry that No. 11 has lost their Serot-Major, but it is our gain, and we give him a hearty welcome to our midst, praying God to bless them both in their future life.—Spec. Cor.

East Ontario Notes.

The Provincial Officer, accompanied by Mrs. Turner and Ruth, have just completed a three weeks' tour in the Ontario portion of the Province, which has been made a great blessing in every way. Ottawa, Arnprior, Pembroke, Kingston, Picton, Campbellford, Peterboro, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton, Belleville, Deseronto, Gananoque, Ogdensburg, Prescott, and Cornwall were among the places visited, and in spite of the many disadvantages of the summer season, many of our corps are holding their own, and doing their best to come off more than conquerors.

Among some of the features of the tour we might mention a splendid Sunday at Pembroke, a picnic at Britannia on the Bay for the Ottawa District, a wedding at Kingston, a dedication at Gananoque, a J.S. picnic at the Sand Banks for the Picton J.S. corps, the inspection of Peterboro's new J. S. library of eight hundred volumes of books, the enrolments, the splendid way the open-air interest keeps up, and the total number of souls at the mercy seat. For all this we give God the glory and march on to fresh conquests.

The desire of our comrades, the Local Officers, to shoulder their share of the responsibilities of the corps work is a very pleasing feature. This was especially noticeable in connection with the recent S.D. effort, in which another victory was scored for the E. O. F. heaven, and our target an accomplished fact. We are in urgent need, however, of further consecrated local talent in the furtherance of the war.

Adj. and Mrs. Kendall are having a well-earned furlough prior to resuming full operations in connection with their much-loved work. The Harmonic Revivalists will be somewhat reorganized during August, Capt. Ash taking the place of Capt. Crego, with another male officer to assist. Great things are expected of our comrades this coming fall.

Adj. and Mrs. Moore, Ensign and Mrs. Fugb, Ensign and Mrs. Norman, Ensigns Rowan, Gammlidge, Comstock, and Jones, also Capt. Weir, Cook Young, Lane, B. Crego, Pithers, A. Crego, and wife, and Patterson, Lenta, Bryan, Ludlow, Ovey, Grainger, Sista, and Bushey are all on furlough. Some on account of complete breakdowns, necessitating lengthy furloughs, others for shorter periods; consequently our work is very much handicapped. Oh, for more laborers in the vineyard of the Lord!

THE DEAD MARCH.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, in the drunkard's way
March the feet of a million men;
If none shall pity and none shall save,
Where will the march they are making end?
The young, the strong, the old are there

In woeful ranks as they hurry past,
With not a moment to think or care,
What is the fate that comes at last?

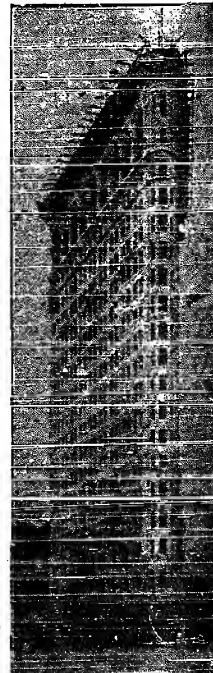
Tramp, tramp, tramp, to a drunkard's doom,
Out of a boyhood pore and fair—
Over the thoughts of love and home—
Past the clock of a mother's prayer;
Onward swift to a drunkard's estate,
Over the plea of wife and child,
Over the holiest ties of time—
Reason dethroned, and soul gone wild.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, (Oh a drunkard's grave)
Corpses the broken life of shame—
Whilst the spirit Jesus died to save—
Meets a future we dare not name.

God help us all, there's a cross to be
And we'll do for the living
And give us strength, till the living
prayer
Shall end one day in the victor
song!

A WONDERFUL BUILDING.

The Flatiron Building, at the intersection of Broadway, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Third Street, New York, is a marvel of tall building construction. It takes its name from the general plan, which roughly resembles the form of a sashiron. Its greatest height is 190 feet in Broadway. It is 172 feet long in Fifth Avenue, and 86 feet 4 inches in Twenty-Second Street. Some times a hundred or more, with heads bent backwards until a general average of necks seems imminent, collect along the walk on the Fifth Avenue side of Madison Square, and stare there until "one of the finest" orders them to move on. No wonder people stare! A building 307 feet high, seating an edge almost as sharp as the bow of a ship to one of the most frequented openings along Broadway, is well worth looking at. The statement of the height in feet seems very only an imperfect idea of the towering structure.



New York's Flatiron.

The Flatiron is not the tallest building in New York, but it is the slenderest. "It's the slimmest thing any architect ever perpetrated," according to another authority.

It looks tall enough above ground, but there are things you don't see below the bottom of the building, being that far below the street grade.

If all its floors should be divided into offices there would be seventeen on each floor, and if there were an average of five persons to the room, the population of the building would be 1,700, or more than that of a respectable suburban village, for the Flatiron is twenty stories high.—N. Y. Tribune.

"Bring the bottom of your life up to the top of your light."

"The express train never stopped and out what the fencepost was about it as it passed by."

W.O.P. CAMP MEETINGS.

Major and Mrs. McMillan with the West Ontario Camp Brigade at Woodstock.

The W. O. P. Camp Brigade made their first appearance in Woodstock about 3.30 p.m., Friday, July 4th. The large new tent was successfully pitched in Vanelsart Ave. Park.

Two large electric lights were placed in the tent, which lighted it up beautifully, we were also given the use of one of the lights in the bandstand, and this makes the park almost as light as day.

Under our worthy leaders, Major and Mrs. McMillan, we opened our Saturday night. The brass band was in attendance. We had a splendid open-air meeting, and a large and appreciative crowd assembled in the tent.

Sunday we had glorious times all day, beginning with the knee-drill at 7 a.m. During the day hundreds came to the tent, good interest was shown, and we closed with four souls for the day.

Monday, Bible reading at 9.30 a.m., conducted by the Major. One lady was particularly blessed and made happy. Holiness meeting in the afternoon at 3 p.m. The Lord was with us in power. Good meeting at night, in spite of a thunder storm. Five souls at the mercy seat for the day, one of these a poor drunkard, who signed a pledge not to taste liquor again.

Tuesday, good meetings all day. The night meeting was especially interesting. Two souls sought pardon at the mercy seat, one of these a young college student.

Wednesday, glorious meeting in the afternoon, when four souls sought Christ. At night Capt. Jordan and his Lieutenant came over from Stratford and assisted in the meeting. The converts were at the open-air and took their stand as soldiers of the cross. Two more sought pardon at the close of the meeting.

Thursday, This meeting was conducted by the band. A splendid crowd came to the tent and gave very liberally.

Friday, Major McMillan conducted the funeral service of Bro. Gregg, a little girl. She was a Junior and had been in our meetings the Sunday previous. Our sympathies are with the bereaved parents.

Staff-Capt. Rawling was away from Stratford conducting a Holiness Wedding.

The night meeting was one of the best we had held yet. 120 tent was packed and many stood around. The devil raged on the outside, but God was with us and three souls came forward to the mercy seat. Praise God for victory.

Saturday, the Junior meeting in the afternoon was well attended, and we had a nice time with the children. At the night meeting the tent was again crowded, and many could not find standing room. The Major spoke with power, and conviction was felt although no one would yield.

Sunday we commenced the day with twenty-five at knee-drill. The holiness meeting was a time of blessing, many present. One sought salvation.

Monday afternoon we were joined by the soldiers from Stratford, Ingersoll, and Norwich. Tremendous crowds came to the tent afternoon and night, and deep conviction was felt in the meetings. Mrs. Major McMillan spoke with power. We ended the meeting with a nautenium winnup. Adj. Orchard was dancing happy.

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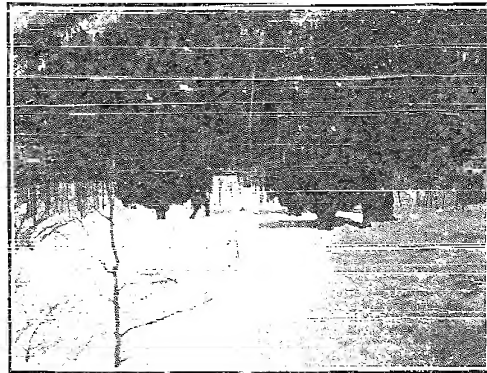
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The Buffalos in Banff National Park.

They were not disappointed; the evening train brought the London people in 23 strong. A large procession was formed and marched to the Market Square, where a rousing open-air was held.

Although the weather threatened rain yet the tent was packed and crowds stood around the outside. When we just got nicely seated the rain came down in torrents. A general rush was made towards the tent, where every available space was taken up. Short addresses were given by Bandmaster Plummer of Woodstock; Bandmaster Pope, of London, and Sergt-Major Andrews, of London, after which Adj. Goodwin was called upon. The famous Adj. Orchard did his best to tease the devil, the bandmen and soldiers joined in heartily, the people gave liberally, and altogether the closing meeting was a grand success.

Tuesday morning preparations were made to leave Woodstock for our next appointment. In spite of the reconsecrations of soldiers and friends, who were very anxious we should remain on for another two weeks; in fact, one gentleman offered the Major \$100 if he would remain two weeks longer. In leaving the city we felt we left behind us a band of good soldiers and many true friends. During our stay we had the joy of seeing a good number of souls turn to Christ, the soldiers were fired with new zeal, and the Christians were stirred up. We had 6,000 above the ordinary attendance at our meetings, the collections went over \$100; thanks to the efforts of Ensign Shaw who knows how to manage these things.

The tents and baggage was all packed up and we started for the station. Just a few minutes before train-time Staff-Captain Rawling discovered that a very important part of the baggage has been forgotten, and he rushed off to get it. What a spatter we were in when the train pulled out for Simcoe minus our worthy

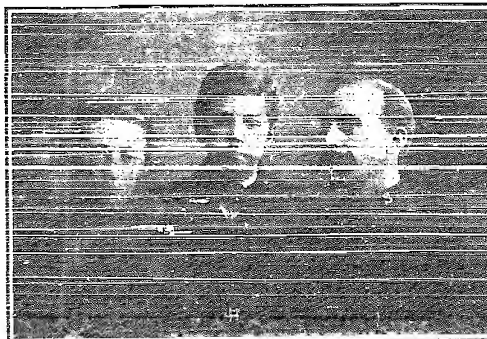
Chancellor, who had all our baggage checks in his pocket. However, we got safely to Simcoe, and the Staff-Captain arrived by the next train all O. K.

We have our tents pitched here, and are going in for a mighty revival amongst the people of Simcoe.—"The Hallelujah Schoolmaster."

ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE IN VERSE.

The following reply in verse was sent to the Ram's Horn by one of its readers to the riddle which appeared in our last issue:

"You'll find fifth day, what then was done,
How God, ere making man, did give
Great fishes, in deep sea, to live.
'Twas one of these, a living thing,
No arms, no legs, no feet, no wing,
A body huge, without a soul,
Yet living under God's control,
And did his Master's laws obey,
Who rules the sea, and land, and air.
A purpose wise God had in view
As in all things His creatures do.
When this great fish did swallow whole
Poor Jonah's body and his soul,
Jonah repented, wept, and prayed;
Learned that his God must be obeyed.
God heard his prayer, and made the fish
Cast Jonah up as he did wish.
Thus was the whale again the same,
He had no soul, but kept his name.
He traveled on from pole to pole,
Without a hand, or foot, or soul.
So can no moral thing conceive,
Nor any Scriptural truth believe.
Although his name is therein found,
These truths to him have empty sound.
Yet in his death are thousands blest,
He gives them light in time of rest,
For whalers measure hours of toil
By his abundant yield of oil!
Thus did the whale for three days
Continue a man's immortal soul.
Prayer saved the seal, released the whale,
And gave the world this wondrous tale.



Adj. and Mrs. Wakefield and Willie Wakefield.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

We are prepared to answer questions and give information upon any subject as far as it is possible for us to do so. We will answer enquiries about rules and regulations, difficult subjects of doctrine, so far as this is necessary for spiritual growth, about personal troubles and perplexities, or regarding general points of interest to the majority of readers. Write carefully. Whenever a reply is such that it should be given quite confidentially, we will answer by letter, if you enclose postage stamp. We would use your name in print, but all enquirers should sign their full name and address, as a matter of good faith.

Pro-Lieut. M. L.—Query: No. 1—Kindly give me your opinion re soldiers working on Sunday; is it right?

No. 2—Is it wrong to go for mail on Sunday?

No. 3—What instrument would you suggest as being the most suitable for an officer to learn of the following—concertina, guitar, or banjo?

Answer: (1) We should say it is wrong to work on Sunday when there is no necessity for it. There may be exceptional circumstances, however. For instance, a soldier employed in certain industrial establishments, at railways, mines, etc., when cessation from work is impracticable, may find occasional work on Sunday justifiable. At any rate, while, in principle, against Sunday work, we would not undertake to condemn all Sunday labor without qualification, since our Saviour sanctioned works of mercy and necessity. What are works of necessity a man must largely determine himself within his own conscience.

(2) It is wrong going for mail on Sunday if you feel condemned about it; but if you expect correspondence that is calculated to profit you in your work of salvation, and help you in being better prepared for any part thereof, there cannot be any wrong in getting it on Sunday.

(3) All three instruments are useful for an officer, but we would especially recommend the concertina, providing you get a good instrument. It will serve you better in the open-air, on the march, and in-doors, and will especially be of service to support the congregational singing when soldiers are few.

Bluenose—Query: Why is it that so much ignorance exists among English people about Canada, since any Canadian school boy knows all about England? I read a talk-off in the London War Cry speaking of the dialect of Farmer Tom as Canadian dialect, since such trivial deviations from correct grammar as exist in Canada are neither as numerous nor as puzzling as the dialects in England, yet would it not sound absurd to name the Cockney brogue "the English dialect," since there are so many others? Then again, the particular dialect of Farmer Tom, who drops the "ing" in his words (saying neetens instead of meetings) is not one of the exclusive dialects of Canada, since I know a Staff Officer who came out of England some years ago, and who without exception drops his "ing" and slugs, "Marchin on," etc.

Answer: We think that the talk-off to which you refer was not meant in the least to be offensive. It is not a matter of common knowledge in England by any means that the "little tight island" could be dropped into some of our big lakes without sinking such. Now to the second question generally that it is only a few miles from Halifax to Vancouver, but Canada is becoming more widely and better known, and is bound to become of greater prominence in the near future.

Puzzled Reader—Query: Do you think six days of creation were each of twenty-four hours' duration, or do they represent an age each?

Answer: We cannot say, because watchmakers were not known until after the creation of Adam and Eve.

A. F.—Send your contribution to us, and if acceptable we will use it in our earliest issue.

